

relieved and even but partially gratified, even more good is done, but the frightful noise which they call music for god's glory, does not permit the other to become a satisfactory compensation therefor.

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Another serious question arises here. Is the Salvation Army doing good? One of its customs is to collect articles of clothing, food, etc.; for the alleged purpose of distributing them among the poor and needy, but the writer hereof is in a position to know that such is not done. Only a few months ago we employed an old man and his wife to do the work about the house and garden. A few days after their arrival we were surprised to see the man arrayed in a Salvation Army outfit, with cap and uniform, and sally forth to attend meeting. In the course of time the work was neglected in order that they could attend the meetings. One night they returned home and the man displayed an overcoat, two other coats for general wear, and similar articles of clothing. The women exhibited about ten waists of different patterns and styles, a number of dresses and skirts, which gave her a wardrobe superior to any other in the house. In explanation of their possession of so many articles they said that the clothing had been given the Salvation Army by different people of the city for distribution among the needy poor, but that the "captain" felt that their own "soldiers" ought to be taken care of first and from that moment we were next to the graft. Suffice it to say that upon their leaving, but not until several days thereafter, articles of value were missed from the house and they are now lost somewhere in the mountain regions of Kentucky.

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While church meetings all over the country, including Methodist conferences and Presbyterian synods, are denouncing the saloon and the liquor traffic, generally, as an evil per se, it is interesting to note that the jewel of consistency does not rest upon their headgear for that which they are so anxious to deny to others by law is held to be just and proper for themselves.

According to published reports from Traverse City, Michigan, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, under the Michigan conference, has by vote duly taken and registered decided that its members may drink punch to their hearts content without being brought under the ban of the church. And this meeting was made up, principally, of women, too. The issue brought out a bitter fight. Many of the women, it is said, objected to the use of the punch, declaring that liquor was an obstruction to "god's plan" but the majority voted the other way and now the good ladies of Methodist Missionary Society may imbibe to their heart's content and successfully dodge criticism for so-doing. So the ladies, bless them, must have their punch. The Blade would not deny them such an estimable privilege, but we do insist that when they agree upon a use of the corn juice in which moonbeams have been dissolved for themselves, that they impart a little of that same freedom and right to others by refusing to endorse and stand for absolute prohibition. The latter like religion, is only intended for the other fellow.

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Claiming jurisdiction in matters of religion both over this world and the next, the Presbyterian Synod meeting in Philadelphia has seen fit to lift an embargo from the corpse, or soul, of a dead preacher. The facts in the case are that some years ago Rev. W. Woodside, formerly a preacher in Pittsburg, was suspended from the ministry because of his

affiliations with the higher critics. In other words he was generally supposed to be too heretical in his construction of things sacred to please the pious gang and he was cut off from communion. His congregation still held with him and remained with him until he died. Then came another preacher and the newcomer managed to get the church reinstated and in good working order. Seven years has passed since the former preacher died and upon the request of the members of his old congregation the Synod has raised the embargo previously placed on him and though dead it has restored him to good standing in the church.

Following such action the soul of the dead preacher, if he ever had one, must now be released from suspicion in the heavenly hierarchy. We must infer that prior to this action he was simply allowed to hang about the gates of the New Jerusalem, indulging in an occasional chat with the keeper thereof, never allowed to even get a peep inside, being held on probation until his release came. Seven years of probation being regarded as long enough for any soul to undergo a test for the right of glory in heaven, the Synod has graciously consented to open the gates for him and permit him to enter upon its recommendation. But what a farce! It is worse than stage comedy. Think of the terrible fate in store for that soul had not the Synod graciously consented to restore him to the ministry seven years after his death! Can it be possible that the Synod has come to his way of thinking! No, indeed, let the thought perish for the rule of orthodoxy is to move forward backwards, with its face ever to the past and it is only another dose of that liberal, Christian charity applied when it is everlastingly too late.

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What next? Now comes a so-called "religious vaudeville" in an effort to win souls for Jesus. Prayer is to be cut out of the program and the agony on the cross must take a back seat. Calvary no longer appeals to the human heart and mind so Rev. Neis Matheson, a Christian evangelist, is to do a new stunt with a travelling menagerie as a method of enticing a few spare dollars from the pockets of his congregation.

Innumerable schemes have been laid to dodge honest labor but this caps the climax. Reports from Teenah, Wisconsin, state that the preacher named herein is bent upon touring the state with a gospel tent and that he carries with him, as a part of his outfit, a full-blooded Igorrote, fresh from the Philippines, a cage of live monkeys and a fake mind-reader to entertain his audiences. The Igorrote is to give a sample of the forms of worship prevalent among his people. The monkeys will be expected to chatter during the singing of hymns, while the mind-reader is to be used to guess at the amount of cash each member of the congregation has in his or her pocket so that the evangelist may know whether they are contributing according to their respective means. The mind-reader will also be able to tell whether a genuine conversion has been made, or whether the confession be merely a make-believe. He might go a little further and predict which of the regions, above or below, the suppliant is destined to inhabit in the hereafter. The dispatches state that the evangelist has bestowed upon his outfit the appellation of "religious vaudeville," a proceeding altogether unnecessary, for the whole business is but a continuous vaudeville from start to finish. Failing to win the people by the inherent virtue that orthodoxy is supposed to possess,

something new must be invented to attract them, and this is one of the latest. The Igorrote, the monkeys, and other animals, will be just as capable of extending saving grace to souls in despair as the preacher, but the difficulty is to get the people to look at it in that light.

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Religious professions now depend upon the size of the golden pile they can draw. After the whole of a person's life has been spent in devoutly worshipping according to the Catholic ritual and obeying the rules of that form of fanaticism, a few paltry dollars in sight are capable of turning the heart and causing an acceptance of Protestantism.

The world now knows that Madame Gould has obtained a divorce from Boni Castellane, the dapper little Frenchman who managed to get away with a fair portion of her income. The world also knows that Prince de Sagan, a cousin of Madame's former spouse, is anxious to bestow his worthless title upon the fair divorcee in the hope of getting a chance at the Gould fortune himself. In spite of oft-repeated denials it is now stated that Madame Gould will wed the French Prince and that the latter, a Catholic, will renounce his faith and has agreed to be married by some Protestant minister, in fact, he agrees to anything that will bring him in close communion with Madame's millions. What does it matter concerning the fate of his immortal soul so long as he gets the cash. It is a far easier matter to turn a cold shoulder upon Christ, through the Vatican, than to let such a glorious chance get past him for a royal good time upon the money of another. But if religion is something that can be taken and then discarded for a new form, just like changing garments, the time may soon be here when the people will be able to realize that they can get along better without any religion than they do now with so much of it.

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Mrs. S. J. Livingston of St. Louis, has been sued for divorce by her irate liege Isaac. The lady in the case is alleged to be the inventor of a new fangled religious notion which is designed and calculated to abolish poverty from the earth. The tired husband does not view the subject in exactly the same light. In his petition for divorce, after setting up the necessary allegations showing why the marriage bonds should be dissolved, he asserts that if his misled wife continues to follow the precepts of her religion, as per schedule, instead of poverty being relegated to a back seat in some uninhabited wilderness it will continue to hover close to the hearthstone of his domiciliary edifice by reason of his wife's sudden fondness for handsome and expensive clothing. The lady, we are told, styles her religion under the alluring title of "Practical Christianity, or In the Silence we are led." We should judge that if there is any practicality to any form of religion the lady in this case ought to have discovered it by her familiarity with the "silence" and it is observed that it is just this part of the schedule to which the husband files serious objection. In other words, by bringing suit for divorce, he is shown to have rebelled at the prospect of being "in the silence led" into further debt by his wife's stated extravagances. The hidden meaning in the name may be that the man is expected to be kept in "silence" while the wife "leads" a merry chase masquerading under the name of practical Christianity. Considering the fact that St. Paul insisted that the woman should keep "silence" the man is not to be blamed for taking such a course, especially if he be a believer in Paul's doctrines.